Scientific Adventure! "Destination Moon"! A movie with a prophecy!

There's drama inside these rocket ships after all, and while the scientist has it that there's no drama on the Moon,--go down one evening this week to your playhouse where this picture is showing, and you'll sit there spellbound from the moment the General looks thru the peephole at White Sands until "This is the End" brings you down to Earth.

You've been to the Moon, brother, and it's a color show packed with tension, magnetic shoes, television shots, and a reproduction of Lunar scenery that startles and fascinates.

The ravages of smallpox really show on the face of that Beautiful Lady, once the rocket ship lands at Lunar depot, with a demoted General, a rocket moon-minded scientist, an airplane manufacturer, and a radar comedian from Brooklyn as passengers, pilots and plain adventurers, all charter members of a Lunar suicide club.

This scientific fantasy in color, takes you to a land where a hundred thousand pock marks can be counted, scars it would seem left by the bursting of rock bubbles filled with volcanic gas some eons back when the old moon was seething with distempers.

These lunar cavities, minus wind or running water, do not disturb our Hollywood script writers in the least. They start out with the idea that man has ever dreamed of exploring this wasteland, so away they go. Here is a scientist moonstruck via the rocket route. They take plenty of oxygen, and waste part of it on the way to blow one of their number back to the outerskin of the rocket. Once on the Moon where sound is impossible they talk unconcernedly all the while, whilst encased in their colored diving suits all hooked with talking equipment, oxygen, et cetera et cetera. They depict the sky as black and the stars as shining both day and night, following scientific data to the letter.

These lunar lunatics shot to the Moon via a rocket from the White Sands proving grounds with a process server waiving an injunction at them as the rocket fumes spew and sputter. The onlooker sits glued to his seat and claps with joy when the gendarme is thwarted.

On this planet we live at the bottom of an ocean of commingled gases. Once on the Moon, our brave rocket riders seem unconcerned that atmosphere is completely missing. These rocket riding movie actors are so happy over the idea of getting away from the smog of Los Angeles that they forget completely that they are surrounded only by the emptiness of space.

Scholars can sit out this one. I commend it highly to Dr. Recht and Professor Francis Broman of Denver University. Let them bring their classes, and then tomorrow have a quiz on fact and fiction. And let them ask their students if at the end they think the rocket could land safely back at the proving ground starting station.

Dreamers and lovers, children and grownups, come along and have an evening that will make you forget the troubles on this muddled mass of mud! One thing is sure, you won't think it such a bad spot when you've scanned the bleak and barren features of the lunar landscape.

The dream of peace on this earth may now come true since our planetary explorers have now declared the Moon the property of the U.S.A. This is now possible because with us there ahead of dear old Joe Stalin, Esq., the Reds are doomed, and even if they do take over our backyard, the Far East, we'll shoot 'em down from the Moon, and we won't need the Infantry--Hooray! Hooray!

The diverting phenomena that "Destination Moon" offers, without the benefit of "Boy Meets Girl" script, are not only refreshing, but bid fair to open new fields not only in the Science-Fiction realm, but in the field of

science itself. The dramatic story of Earth's history has yet to be told on the screen, for Nature, alas, is as troubled as the human soul--and it should not be forgotten that the drama of human life portrayed by the screen thru the years is but an infinitesmal fragment of the drama of the Universe.

Since I was invited to review this cinema version of a trip to the Moon, and in view of the almost daily accounting via press and radio of strange sky craft, now popularly called "Flying Saucers," it should not be in bad taste to devote a word or two to this stranger-than-truth-or-fiction phenomenon. Only yesterday an accredited scientist from Great Britain told us at my friend Frank Scully's house in Hollywood that there isn't any hush hush in Britain about Flying Saucers--and what a pity that our Pentagonian Brass calls it all hoaxing, mass hallucination, and natural phenomenon--was the way this Britisher put it.

What man dreams he can do, backed by American know-how and complete freedom, he can do--even to the building of a flying saucer that will fly to the planet Venus and back, as some of us in the know feel these Flying Saucer ships of the air are now flying singly, and in formation and in mass, from, in all likelihood, that planet.

You'll find as you look at "Destination Moon" that once outside Earth's atmosphere resistance is nil. There is no weight, no friction, just space. Our magnetic scientists, however, find there magnetic lines of force that emanate from the Sun at twice the speed of light. We already know since the days of Gilbert, back in England in 1600, that this earth is a giant magnet, with a north and south pole, and that lines of force are ever present in this magnetic field, and that this whole magnetic setup takes in the Moon, which belongs to the Earth anyway, and now that "Destination Moon" has gone and done it--why not cross over into the magnetic fields that surround the other planets in our Solar System and visit them. We might find a people say on Venus that have discarded war for planetary peace--what a dream!

Studying these Flying Saucers and their source of motive power, there are already on our scientific drawing boards plans for saucers that we, as well as Saucerians, can conquer space between here and Venus--a mere 161 million miles--at easily the speed of light, thus making the journey to Venus in less than twenty minutes, while these horse and buggy rocket boys are two days getting to the Moon.

In the cabin of a magnetic powered Flying Saucer, the initial physical agony endured by the boys on the takeoff of the Rocket to the Moon would be impossible. By creating inside the completely sealed cabin the magnetic sea level balance of our own earth, and maintaining this condition, the passenger in a flying saucer would be no more conscious of movement inside the saucer than he now is, as he sits watching on the screen "Destination Moon"--that he is at this very moment traveling eighteen and a half miles a second in one direction and at the same time also moving about 1000 miles per hour in another. The earth rotating on its axis, circling the Sun, and with the rest of the Solar System revolving around our galaxy--never even jolts us on our ride through the Universe.

Once aboard this "Flying Saucer" there wouldn't be any discarding of weight at any time to get back home, as the boys had to do on the Moon, or become Robinson Crusoes forever, because combustion--and thus propulsion--is always at hand on a flying saucer, no matter where you are in this Solar System, for you can always take a handful of lines of force, cross them, and create your own power, because that's all you do when you blow out a fuse and leave the whole house in darkness--you've crossed magnetic lines of force--and electricity and magnetic lines of force are always hand in hand. If it's night time and you are in your latest model F. S., the ship gives off a glow that doubles for these Northern Lights that spring from the area around the Magnetic North Pole. Your ship powered this way never runs out of gas. There are no filling stations in space--in a flying saucer you carry your fuel with

Gentry Summer 1953 - 2.

An Alphabet of the Universe

By Harlow Shapley, Director of Harvard Observatory

Our system is located by a spiral galaxy called the Andromeda Nebula. It takes its light 680,000 yrs to reach us. It's one of our nearest neighbors. Mt Wilson has photographed galaxies 500 000 000 light years away. Shapley reproduces a ———— photo of A. N.

I wonders if those who know their ABC's & 123's would like to try some higher alphabets – those dealing with the makeup of the world from microcosmos up to galaxies.

Definitions

Periodic Table - Table of chemical elements from H. with atomic weight of 1 to Uranium with 92.

Positron - Fundamental particle with mass as small as an electron but carrying a positive charge. Short life. Neutralized almost when formed.

Positronium - Atom zero. Fleeting combination of electron and positron.

Psychozoic Era - Earth's history in terms of man.

Secondaries - Planets, satellites, comets etc. Contain little heat. Need star's.

Stellar Cluster - A collection of stars bunched to form a globular mass.

Universe - Space-Time Complex involving Metagalaxy and possibly a Causal Unknown.

Married
Albuquerque
~~Mo... new~~

Definitions: Entity: A basic property found through entire material creation.
Four entities — space, time, matter, energy.

Eosmic Era. Period when earth's skin was believed to have been formed — 3,000,000,000 years ago.

Cosmoplasma — Gen term for cosmic meteors, interstellar gases of wandering corpuscles, atoms, molecules and other interstellar particles.

~~Elect~~
Electron — Particle carrying negative charge.

Equals. Live stars in doubles or multiples.

Galaxy — Star whirls like Milky Way.

Gamma Rays — One of forms of energy given off by radium.
Macrowaves — Waves of radiation — 300,000 000 miles in length at least.
Microwaves — Waves of radiation — around 3 feet in length. Ultra short wave radio transmission

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AN ALPHABET OF THE UNIVERSE by HARLOW SHAPLEY,

Director of the Harvard Observatory

The article opens with a full page illustration of the Andromeda Nebula. This is a spiral galaxy in which our system is located. It takes the nebula's light 680,000 years to reach us. Nevertheless it is one of our nearest neighbors. How far out in space they go no one knows though astronomers at Mt. Wilson have photographed galaxies as far as 500 million light years away.

The article then goes into a simple explanation of how one climbs from his ABC's and one, two, threes, into the higher alphabet, those dealing with the makeup of the world from a micro cosmos to a galaxy. He calls them the four tables of the higher orientation and puts the alphabet of the universe as one of these higher tabulations because "It serves to lead us both down into the microcosmos of molecules and atoms and up into the macrocosmos of planets, stars and galaxies.

He first defines an entity which is a basic property that is found throughout the whole material creation, a quality that is present everywhere, in the eyes reading the printed word, in the dust between the stars, in the eternal snows of the Arctic. There are four such entities: space, (the sequence of organizations) time, (the table of geological ages), matter (periodic table of elements), and energy (the radiation sequence).

He places the history of the science of matter in the last hundred years when chemists began noticing the similarity and dissimilarity in the nature and behavior of various types of matter, such as gold and silver as opposed to carbon and nitrogen, a discovery which led to the orderly building up of the periodic table until we got to the present where we have 92 kinds of matter, listing them from hydrogen at one to uranium at 92. Since 1789 when uranium was discovered it was believed to be the top limit but more recently man has made six heavier elements, all of them radioactive, so that the atomic numbers by 1953 were up to 98, and of course may go higher. But the basic elements of hydrogen and oxygen continue to be the most importand and the most common in the universe,

hydrogen particularly, because it is dominant element in the formation of the sun and stars. But to those of us on earth, oxygen is the most dominant because 50 percent of the earth's crust is of that element and 89 percent of the ocean, not to stress 25 percent of the atmosphere and more than 60 percent of the human body.

Shapley then goes into a simple summation about what is known about energy, that it equals matter multiplied by a constant. H e then goes into using a scient's terms of ergs, rans, centimetres and seconds. The formula is E equals MC2. C is the velocity of light in centimeters per second. M, of course, is matter. The best energy table, he thinks, is a sequence of wave lengths in the spectrum of radiation called the electro-magnetic spectrum or the ether spectrum to distinguish it from the sound spectrum. Sound is dead in inter-stellar space whereas radiation travels through dead space. He then further describes a radiation sequence and gives an alphabet of energy from a plus 8 to distinguisy macrowaves down to minus 17 as the key to cosmic rays. Below macrowaves are power, light, radio, high frequency radio, microwaves which begin the minus side of the alphabet, heat radiation, infra-red, red, green, violet

ultra-violet soft, ultra-violet hard, X-rays soft, X-rays hard, gamma rays and ultimately cosmic rays. All these divisions, he points out, are arbitrary and some of them are many octaves wide and subject to many subdivisions, as is in the case of radio. The least explored, he says, is heat radiation. That would include the field of radio, radar and TV. He further explains that the short-wave cosmic rays, such as the gamma rays,are now believed to be particles, not waves. In inter-planetary space they are the high speed nuclei of atoms. But on the surface of the earth they are mostly replaced by secondary cosmic rays, high speed fragments of gases, which have collided with the primary cosmic rays. But even these secondary cosmic rays will shine through opaque objects like the human skull. He then goes into time, and divides it into an alphabet starting with zero indicating the psycho-zoic age. Next he lists the ceno-zoic at 70 million years, the meso-zoic at 200 million, the paleo-zoic at 500 million, the archeo-zoic at 1,000 million, and the cosmic at 3,000 million plus.

These figures, of course, are arbitrary on Shapley's part or those whom he uses as his authorities, and have changed rapidly within the lifetime of this astronomer himself.

He thinks it's reasonably accurate for the last half billion years in ceding that before then the timing is vague because the heaving, crunching continents have erased most fossil records. "Below the cosmic era is what? Perhaps nothing. Perhaps the universe started about that time, and above the psycho-zoic what is beyond the present." He doesn't attempt to answer but points out that the period derives from the fact that life began being dominated by the psychic, the brains of one species of primate! Will it develop into a superman or the damned man?, He thinks from the triple platform of astronomy, biology and geology, much could be said on the possible future of the world, forgetting that except for a few free souls like himslf, now in retirement, the scientists he mentions who could say so much are in a deep freeze under government orders throughout the world.

But to get on with his fourth ~~alphabet~~ letter of his alphabet of the universe, that is space. He says if you weigh 120 lbs. the smallest atom compares to you as you compare in size to the sun and that you are in the middle of a series of bodies

from the smallest to the largest. He then restates it in a simple formula that is staggering when you face the possibilities of what such a formula may mean to the "you" in it. The formula reads:

$$\frac{\text{SUN}}{\text{you}} \text{ equals } \frac{\text{YOU}}{\text{H-atom.}}$$

If you got all the 'yous ' on one side and all the sun and H-atoms on the other, which is supposedly fair in geometrical equations, there would be no "youse" and maybe that is what is holding back the hydrogen bomb, the fear that one bomb, if exploded, could, because of the immense amount of hydrogen in the atmosphere, set up a chain reaction and wipe off our atmosphere. This would mean, of course, our oxygen as well; in brief, us.

But this is not what the starry-eyed Shapley was starting out to prove. He was merely showing us how between us and the sun there is a very close relationship, even with intermediate bodies like comets, moons and other planets as well as colloids, molecules and other complex atoms between us and the simple hydrogen atom. Again as we stand in the middle, he points out that greater than an individual's star, are clusters and galaxies and beyond that no man knows what, while smaller than the H atom are electrons, protons,

positrons , and below that again no man knows what.

But of what man does know, he can put them together in a pretty serious series, because each organization is larger and more massive than the preceding, thus permitting the assemblying of a space alphabet.

The space goes from a distance of billionths of an inch between two or more components of an atom to billions of miles between a planet and its star (e.g. Neptume). He says the mass of an electron weighs about a tillionth of a trillionith of a trillionth of a pound, which seems to me to be splitting hairs and obviously was worked out by a tabulator who is still impressed by figures. In fact the whole range of scientific inquiry in these fields in the last hundred years has got so unwieldy in figures, that the poor fellows are now forced to retreat to using simple units like 1 to represent a billion miles. On the other hand the mass of a small star goes in exactly the opposite direction weighing a milion trillion trillion pounds.

 

Atoms can be taken as the basic organizations of the microcosmos, but, he ask, have we started basically enough? A generation ago we knew of only two kinds of fundamental particles- the negatively charged light-weight electron and its heavy-weight counterpart, the positively charged proton. Now we recognize many other fundamental particles, most of which are of a transitory character. Matter and energy quantize nicely. Why not, he queries, the other basic entities - Time and Space? In a detailed tabulation, we humans show up rather badly; in hard words, we do not have high rating in the scheme of the material universe. Our material world of Matter, Space, Energy, Time, may need something else to make it go. If so, is it material or immaterial?

He concludes with the observation that beyond the Universe in his table is an unfilled tantalizing plus 9. If you write Mind on that blank line, be sure, he admonishes, you do not define it anthropocentrically, or geocentrically. It must be a cosmically grand concept. If you write in God, you must also be sure of your definitions. Whatever is there written will tempt him to open up plus 10, for he has unlimited respect for curiosity and ambition of the evolving human intellect.

Shapley's "unlimited respect for the evolving human intellect" is already limited by his qualifications, for he confines it to the human intellect's curiosity and ambition. It is, however, limited even further. This limitation not only includes Shapley's but mine and everybody else's and it may as well be stated as to what that limitation is. It is the old limitation of the finite toward infinity. However close the finite gets to infinity, it never quite reaches infinity. That can be proved mathematically.

As far as he shows that science has gone in one direction in cataloging smallness and in the other direction cataloging largeness, he is still dealing with finite persons, measuring finite things with finite objects and still trying to put a measure on infinity. This is impossible and makes his insistence that when you write in God, you must be sure of your definitions, also a limited affair. So you don't want to have unlimited respect for a limited object and man on

this earth is a limited object while his Creator is far beyond his limitations or his power to measure or describe. Plato, who certainly didn't have Shapley's mass of scientific data to work with, long ago said we recognized a chair on this earth because it was a bad copy of the perfect chair which our souls some time in the past had seen. It may sound like a pretty naieve explanation of what lies between Heaven and earth but it is simple and understandable, and much that goes on in scientific laboratories today has become so complicated, that the scientists themselves are retreating to similar simplifications.

Between the humility of Shapley and the conceit of Menzel is something to ponder too. The fact that one was the director of the Harvard Observatory and the other considers himself the acting director pulling every string to be able to bill himself as director, must not mislead you into thinking that all directors of all observatories, Harvard included, can be tarred with the same stick, because seemingly they came out of the same mold. For all the drive toward regimentation, uniformity, ossification and now secrecy, they are all individuals and even an ordinary man in the street can see they don't even look alike. In fact no two, out of those two billions that walk the earth, look alike. This is an inkling of the infinity of variety which is not in the hands of scientists and ought to bring to them some small measure of awe and convince them that they are servants, not masters of the Universe. In other words, quit playing with that Hydrogen bomb.

May 12 1953

NOTES ON MAGNETIC PROPULSION

Instead of going to the War of the Worlds, a preview at Paramount, last night, I staid at home intending to see Burns and Allen, I Love Lucy and Red Buttons, on television, a three horse parlay that I felt sure would give me more entertainment than George Pal's version of Orson Well's version of H.G. Well's version of machines from Mars coming to earth to destroy us and being buckled under by our super-duper malignant microbes.

Before I could get upstairs and turn on the TV and enjoy this triple bill, stretched off in bed, three giants from this earth barged into Bedside Manor. One of them, Gene Dorsey, was carrying a portable recording machine, a motion picture camera and a screen. He is about six feet two and must weigh 220. The next one was George Smith, eminent ~~meterologist~~ metallurgist, inventor of chemical process for making powdered ~~irons~~ metals which is now used for fueling jet planes. He is about six two and weighs 270 lbs. The third was Silas M. Newton who is built for such weight as the others but Nature seemingly knocked him off at the knees because he is only about five feet eight. All of them were great football players, Dorsey at USC, Smith at Missouri School of Mines, Newton at Baylor and ~~[illegible]~~. I guess they must represent about 50% of all the football players who haven't had their brains bashed out before reaching maturity, because it is my contention that you don"t have to be a half-wit to be a half-back but if you're a half-back long enough you'll be a half-wit."

They had come up to show some pictures and sound recordings of magnetic phenomena which Dorsey had caught down in Indio. A medium or clairvoyant seemingly some years ago had been instructed to get some lode stones and had got them on top of the Kaiser iron mountain not far from Indio. Most of that mountain

has been carted away to the Kaiser Fontana plant by now and Gene said he regretted this because he would have liked us to share an experience he had there. Ir seems a magnetic pull of that mountain was so strong, that if you fell or stumbled while climbing the mountain, you would have to push to get yourself up again.

Anyway, these are where the lode stones came from. Presumably she was then instructed (I don't know her name beyond Anna) to make cones about two feet high of copper or aluminum and place them on one table and place another table just touching the first table. She sat at the furthest table, placed a lode stone there, placed one hand on the lode stone and the other on her knee. Soon the cones began vibrating and recording sounds, some of which sounded like a rock in a tin can being rattled around. Sometimes the sounds were so low, Jean said, that they could not be heard by the human ear, but seemingly were picked up by the tape recording. This was particularly interesting to Smith because he seemingly has a part of a basic patent on magnetic tape recordings and has only recently invented a tape with a copper covering which will be four times more effective in recording sound and take up half the tape. Under these circumstances, maybe even Sinatra can be heard without the aid of an 80 piece orchestra when it comes to a high note though Smith advanced the idea that the new device would more likely show up the phonies than help them, in which case I can see Hollywood already putting the finger on it.

After one reel of these sound recordings of what all agreed was a curious magnetic phenomenon, Dorsey put on another reel because in this instance a Geiger counter was installed to check on the phenomenon. A lead shield was put between the counter and the cones to keep out gamma rays, beta rays and such disturbances. You could hear the men in the background counting

off tens, and what surprised the listeners was that there was such a variation in the Geiger count, as low as 19 to the minute and as high as 49. None of them could explain this and all of them agreed that it showed some unusual magnetic conditions in the area or in the cones or due to some magnetic disturbance in the magnetic frequencies of the operator.

Well from this we went to George Adamski's pict ures of flying saucers and Gene recounted that a security intelligence officer had admitted they were better than anything they had in their files. In fact I think he took a set for their files.

There having been a great upsurge in saucer citings since the first atomic explosions, we got to discussing what connection there could be between these two latter day developments of life as we now know it. It is the contention of one group of magnetic scientists that the space ships are charting ~~our~~ the earth's magnetic field and mapping fault zones to make sure that if they should land, they would have no trouble getting off the earth when they wanted to leave. This would follow logically since it is fairly well established that some of them were grounded and didn't get back to where they came from.

All of those who saw the pictures last night agreed that the pictures showing a smallish flying saucer with a three point landing gear of huge, ball-bearing looking objects was not a landing gear at all but part of the ship's power plant.

Smith said that the variation in ships, cigar-shaped, saucer-shaped, large, small, etc. would indicate they were not all from the same planet. He then told a very funny story, at least to me, of one of the by products of the first atomic explosion

at White Sands. Dorsey had told that his nephew, a farmer in Kansas, had told him that his present wheat crop was all black and destroyed, due to the radio active dust particles that had been wafted from Yucca Flats, Nevada, to the middle west, and Smith confirmed this by telling of a certain wheat crop which had taken a similar beating after the first atomic explosion. The wheat, however, was harvested, the grain shipped off to a grainery, and the straw to a plant that made paper packing boxes. These packing boxes were ultimately sold to Eastman Kodak. Raw film stock was packed in the boxes. The whole damn shipment was destroyed. It was a loss of $350,000., which even to Eastman Kodak ain't contaminated hay, so they put their researchers to work, traced the radioactive destruction back to the Atomic Energy Commission, went to Washington with their beef and their bill, and collected $350,000., with the instructions to keep their mouths shut for reasons of security.

Smith, who has led a varied life, must be nearly 70, having mined in China where labor was paid three cents a day, and in Mexico where it was paid 27¢ a day, as well as in Arizona, where the labor and freight costs were such, that he couldn't possibly compete with the big boys shipping in stuff from these economically depressed areas, showed us a tube of powdered copper. He explained that he could paint objects with this copper and preserve them indefinitely. He thought he had a trick about as good as the mummification process of the old Egyptians. He told of painting pigs' knuckles in this copper casing and years later removing the casing and the pigs' knuckles were as fresh as the day they supported some innocent sow. He thought it would be a good idea to preserve bodies this way. He found he could make even tombstones and caskets for peanuts compared to present day

prices, but that's where he ran into the Forest Lawns of the world, so he gave that one up, but fast.

He next got into powdered ~~iron~~ metals. Currently, a Swedish process is used, which is a slow process of grinding the iron into fine particles. He, by the use of a simple, chemical process, has cut this down to, he said, either 3 hours or 45 minutes - I'm not sure which. Anyway, it was so fast that it changed the whole procedure and made the flying of jets no longer a matter of minutes but of hours because powdered iron is such a compact fuel that a lot of it can be carried on any ship.

He demonstrated how easily this burns, by taking a handful of it, putting it on a stone porch, and putting a match to it. It went up like tinder and had an intense white flame. He has the patents apparently on this, but since this, too, comes under security, the General Tire and Rubber Company seemingly are making the stuff with government sanction, and he realizes that to make the General Tire and Rubber Company pay thru the nose you must have a big bankroll and the best corporation lawyers, which, at the present he hasn't got. He started to make the stuff himself at Ajo, Ariz. but it got so ghastly hot and the process itself is so hot, that he had to give up after five months because the summers in that area are really unbearable.

So recently he sold the iron mountain around his plant to Phelps Dodge and reserved the plant for himself, intending to ship the equipment to a deep water port, thus making himself free from any freight stick-ups. He figured that this is a cheaper way to protect his patents than fighting big biz, which sits in the saddle in Washington, because in addition to using powdered ~~iron~~ metals for jet fuel, it is a fast method of making shell casings, and so by putting his plant in the deep water

area of San Francisco Bay, he can deliver it to shell manufacturers at Oakland. Himself, hedoesn't want any of the problems of manufacturing; all he wants is 10% off the top.

He revealed something else which is even more revolutionary than the introduction of a solid metal as a fuel for jet planes. In fact he revealed two things. One was, he can grow precious stones and has grown them from little stones as small as a pin head which, within a matter of a year, grew as big as your fist. I wanted to know if he could grow diamonds too. He said he could and already had grown black diamonds for tools but it wasn't worth growing white diamonds because Debeers had a monopoly on diamonds and controlled the output, because if free enterprise operated in Africa, the world would be lousy with diamonds. Thus they would have no value whatever.

The other thing he revealed was that, due to this ~~atom~~ metal burning process, he can change the methods of oil and water drilling completely by burning through the earth and granite formations and even supplying the pipe behind the burning by pouring ~~this~~ powdered iron & silicon into the hole. The Romans made pipe 2000 years ago 50% iron 50% silicon no corrosion even to this day

Well, this is the way the evening went on and it is merely an inkling of what you get into when trying to discover the means of propulsion or repulsion which powers flying saucers to here from elsewhere.